

SCHOOL DAY ROMANCES

JAN FEB
K 105
NO 2

ROMANCÉS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TONI GAYLE in *Mixed Pix*

THAT'S THE POSE, TONI! A REAL AFFECTIONATE ONE! MAKE BELIEVE THAT BIG GORILLA IN BACK OF YOU IS REALLY YOUR ONE AND ONLY!

THIS IS A POSE WE STUDIED ALL WEEK IN SCHOOL, BUTCH! IT REPRESENTS A WIFE WELCOMING HOME A NEW HUSBAND SHE WON, AFTER SHE STARTED TO USE WIFEJOY SOAP!

DON'T
FEED
THE
ANIMALS

N. NODEL

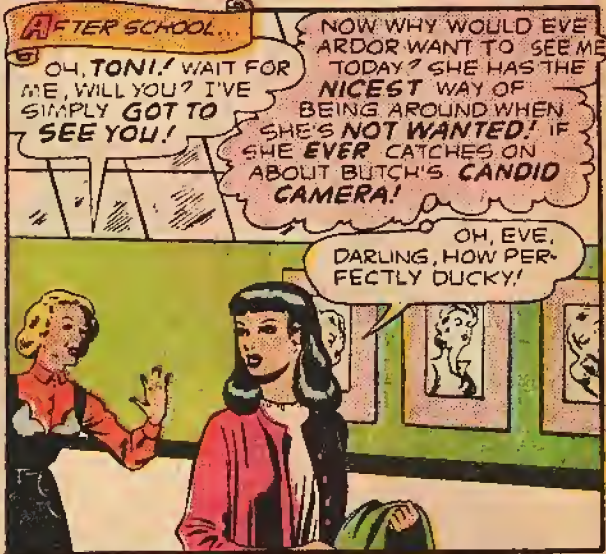
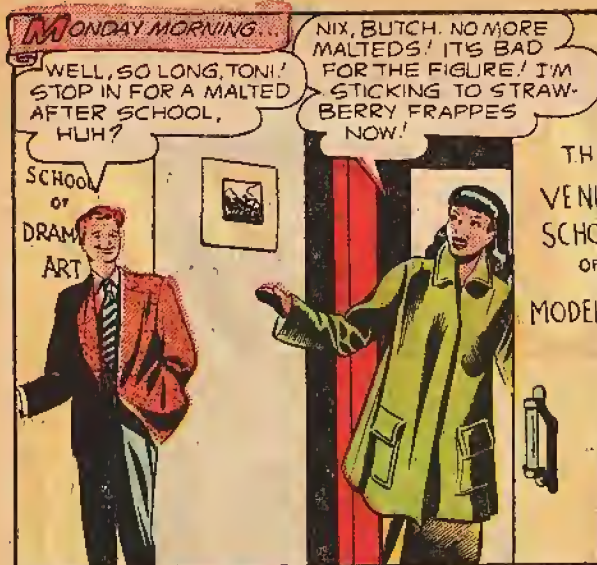
WE'LL NAME THE PIC, "MAMA LOVES PAPA!"

OH, BUTCH, YOU'RE SO SILLY!

I'M ONLY SILLY ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS. THE REST OF THE TIME I HAVE TO STUDY MY DRAMA LESSONS TOO HARD. ALSO, THAT MEANS NO MOVIE TONIGHT, EITHER, TONI.

AS IF I COULD IF YOU ASKED ME BUTCH! I'VE GOT TO REHEARSE MYSELF FOR WORK NEXT WEEK! IT'S GOING TO BE THE BIGGEST WEEK SO FAR, OUR INSTRUCTOR TOLD US!

EXIT
ONLY



HOURS LATER--- AT THE DRUG STORE WHERE BUTCH WORKS AFTER SCHOOL...

WELL, WE'RE PRACTICALLY DEAD-LOCKED AND IF I EAT ANOTHER FRAPPE, I'LL SIMPLY CHOKE! BUT---MAYBE IF I TRY ANOTHER --JUST ONE MORE!-- I'LL WEAR EVE DOWN!

BUTCH, THESE ARE ARE SIMPLY MARVELOUS! I-- (GULP)-- I THINK I'LL TRY ANOTHER! HOW ABOUT IT, EVE?

OH!--I'LL DIE--SIMPLY DIE! HOW WILL I EVER LIVE THROUGH ANOTHER?

OH, YES! LET'S HAVE-- ONE-- MORE!----

???!!!!!!
!!!!!!

WELL, CHICKS, HERE YOU ARE. BUT YOU SURE DON'T LOOK VERY HAPPY ABOUT EATING THEM!

OH, BUT WE (GULP) ARE, BUTCH!

YES, (ULP) WE REALLY LOVE THEM, BUTCH!

NO! IT'S NOT A DISH OF ICE CREAM! IT'S NOT A FRAPPE! IT'S...A... **MOUNTAIN!** I'VE...I'VE GOT TO ADMIT I'M LICKED!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO RISK ASKING BUTCH, AND IF HE HAS ANY BRAINS, HE'LL GET THE HINT THE WAY I ASK HIM...

BUTCH, REMEMBER ALL THOSE PICTURES WE TOOK SUNDAY? WELL, IF WE DIDN'T TAKE ALL THE PICTURES **ON THE ROLL**, WOULD YOU COME TO CLASS TOMORROW, AND TAKE THE **REST OF ME?** I MEAN, **POSING IN CLASS?**

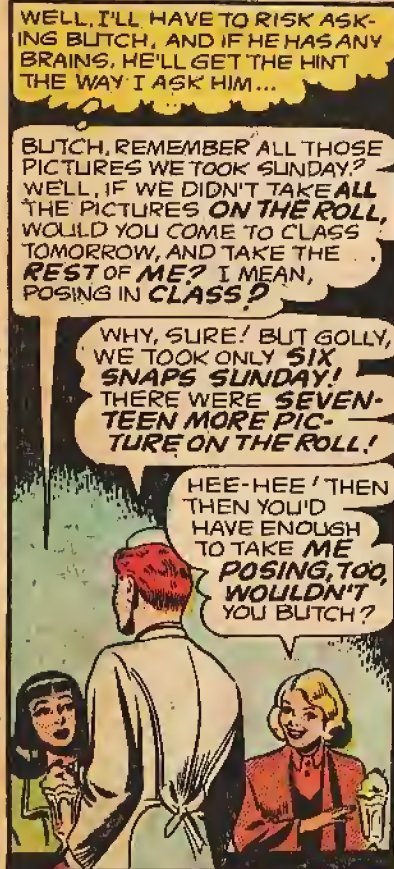
WHY, SURE! BUT GOLLY, WE TOOK ONLY **SIX SNAPS SUNDAY!** THERE WERE **SEVENTEEN MORE PICTURE ON THE ROLL!**

HEE-HEE! THEN THEN YOU'D HAVE ENOUGH TO TAKE **ME POSING, TOO, WOULDN'T YOU BUTCH?**

NOW WHAT IN THE WORLD IS WRONG WITH TONI? AND-- YOU'RE NOT EATING YOUR SUNDAES! DID I SAY SOMETHING WRONG?

I SHOULD SAY NOT BUTCH! YOU SAID **EXACTLY THE RIGHT THING!** SEE YOU TOMORROW IN CLASS! 'BYE NOW!

I THINK A HERMIT WOULD LEAD A NICE KIND OF LIFE!



NEXT DAY'S CLASS IN MODELING...

NOW DON'T YOU DARE TAKE EVE FIRST, BUTCH! AFTER ALL, I **AM** THE ONE WHO ASKED YOU! IT WAS MY IDEA!

UH! NOW I'M CATCHING ON! YOU DIDN'T WANT ME TO TAKE EVE'S PICTURE AT ALL!

ALL RIGHT, CLASS! THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE CAMERA'S COME FORWARD!



WHY, BUTCH, THAT'S ABSOLUTELY SILLY!--OR, COMING, MR. GOODSTEAD!



CUTE, ISN'T SHE! WELL, SHE DOESN'T REALIZE THAT WHEN BUTCH GETS TO ME HE'LL HAVE HAD SOME PRACTICE WORKING ON TONI!



ALL RIGHT, MISS GAYLE! ALL RIGHT MR. DYKEMAN! LIGHTS! READY! AIM!...



... FIRE! I MEAN... CAMERA!

IF I HAD A GUN, HE'D 'VE BEEN RIGHT THE FIRST TIME! LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S HOLDING TONI!



WELL, EVE MAY HAVE PERSUADED BUTCH TO TAKE HER PICTURE, BUT AFTER SEEING HER POSE, SHE WON'T COME EVEN CLOSE TO WINNING A SPOT WITH MATT IDOL! NOT COMPARED WITH ME, ANYWAY!



SINCE TONI KNEW SHE WAS SO MUCH BETTER THAN EVE, SHE SPENT THE NIGHTS OF THE FOLLOWING WEEK IN THIS MANNER.

WHY, EVE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO POSE GOOD-AGAINST ME! BUT SUP-POSE GOOD-STEAD LIKES

HIS PICTURE BETTER IN THE SHOT TAKEN OF EVE AND HIM

AND SUP-POSE GOODSTEAD ONLY LIKES BLONDES! EVE'S A BLONDE, TOO!

BUT THEY SAY MATT IDOL PREFERS BRUNETTES!

SUPPOSE NEITHER EVE OR I WINS!

OH, I WISH THE PHONE WOULD RING, OR SOMETHING!

EEEEEEK! IT IS RINGING! OH, DEAR, WHY DID I WISH THAT! NOW I'M AFRAID TO ANSWER IT! SUPPOSE IT'S SOMEONE SAYING THE WHOLE THING'S OFF!



HI, TONI! SORRY TO WAKE YOU! THIS IS BUTCH! JUST GOT THE PRINT DEVELOPED! THEY CAME OUT SWELL! ESPECIALLY ALL THE SHOTS WITH YOU IN 'EM!

OH, BUTCH! CAN YOU BRING THEM OVER? RIGHT NOW?



WELL, FOR PETE'S SAKE, TONI! IT'S AFTER TWO AND IT WOULD TAKE ME AN HOUR TO WASH UP AND GET OVER THERE! AFTER ALL, I'M READY FOR BED! I'LL WRAP 'EM UP AND HAND 'EM TO YOU FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

OH, GRACIOUS! ISN'T THAT LIKE A MAN? ALWAYS DOING THINGS THE HARD WAY! IF HE'D BRING THEM OVER I'D BE GLAD TO HAND THEM OUT! THEN HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WRAP THEM!



MATT IDOL ARRIVES TODAY! AT LAST!

OH H H H H H H H!

I'LL SIMPLY DIE IF HE DOESN'T CHOOSE MY PICTURE!

WHERE ON EARTH IS BUTCH??



MEANWHILE...

BUTCH! I'VE CALLED YOU FIVE TIMES ALREADY! NOW SOMEONE NAMED TONI GAYLE IS CALLING YOU ON THE TELEPHONE. ARE YOU GOING TO SCHOOL OR AREN'T YOU?

Y-I-I-I-I-I! AND I'VE GOT TONI'S AND EVE'S PICTURES TO GIVE THEM!



LET'S SEE NOW! THERE'S ONE OF TONI! THERE'S ONE OF EVE! THERE'S THE PIX WE TOOK THAT SUNDAY! I GUESS I'LL MAKE IT IF I HURRY! THEY'RE ALMOST SORTED!



AND IN THE SCHOOL OFFICE TWO OLD PALS ARE REMINISCING...

GOSH, MATT, REMEMBER THE JOKES WE USED TO PLAY ON EACH OTHER WHEN WE WERE BOTH IN DRAMATIC SCHOOL AND ROOMED TOGETHER? REMEMBER THE TIME I DATED YOUR GIRL FOR A NEW YEAR'S MASQUERADE? AND SHE NEVER KNEW IT WAS ME UNTIL WE UNMASKED! HA-HA! HAW-HAW!

HA-HA-HA---! YEAH! I'D BEEN TRYING TO SHAKE HER ALL FALL! FROM THEN ON YOU WERE STUCK WITH HER! THEN REMEMBER THE TIME...



JUMPING CATS, MATT, IT'S LATE! LET'S GO AND NOT KEEP THE HOPEFULS WAITING FOR A LOOK AT YOUR UGLY PAN!

GOOD HEAVEN'S! THAT REMINDS ME! I'VE FORGOTTEN TO PUT ON MY MAKE-UP! I'LL SCARE THE POOR YOUNG THINGS TO DEATH! OH...WELL,... I GUESS THEY'LL SURVIVE!



GOOD MORNING, CLASS! THIS IS MATT IDOL, THE FAMOUS SCREEN STAR.

OH, GOODNESS! WHY, HE'S ANCIENT!



WELL, (ULP) EVE, MAYBE--- BUTCH (ULP) WON'T SHOW UP!

I (GULP) HOPE!



BUT NO SUCH LUCK!...

PSSST! EVE! (ULP) (GULP) TONI!

TH--THANKS, BUTCH!



NOW, GIRLS, LET ME HAVE YOUR SEALED ENVELOPES! WE'LL SOON DECIDE WHO'S THE LUCKY ONE! WE'LL SEE WHO'S GOING TO BE HELD IN MATT IDOL'S ARMS!

UGH! MAYBE EVE WILL WIN AFTER ALL!

I HOPE I LOSE! I HOPE I LOSE! I'VE GOT TO LOSE!



AT LONG LAST! WELL, CLASS, MISS GAYLE'S PICTURES ARE THE LAST TO BE OPENED. UNLESS HERS ARE EXCEPTIONAL, MISS EVE ARDOR IS GOING TO BE THE LUCKY GIRL!

OH---NO!

OH, DEAR! I JUST KNOW I'LL WIN!





GINGER SNAPP in Vittles FOR VICTORY

BRUSHING ASIDE THE USUAL FANFARE THAT FILLS THIS LITTLE BOX, MAY WE JUST ASK: "CAN A GIRL FIND ROMANCE, WEARING FOOTBALL PANTS?"

BETTER BREAK IT UP, MUSCLEBOUND, BEFORE YOU GET HURT!

ME GET HURT? ARE YOU KIDDIN', REDHEAD? WHY I CAN CHIN LIKE THIS FOR HOURS... 13... 14... 15...

OKAY, HIT IT GANG!

by MANNY STALLMAN

16... 17... 18...

WHAM!

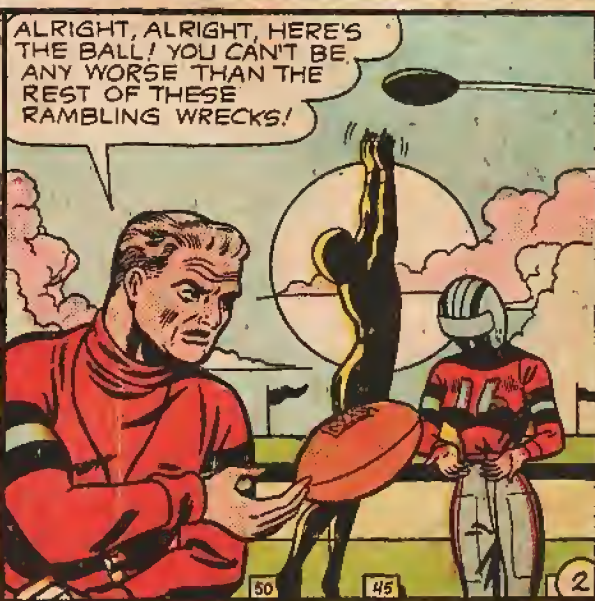
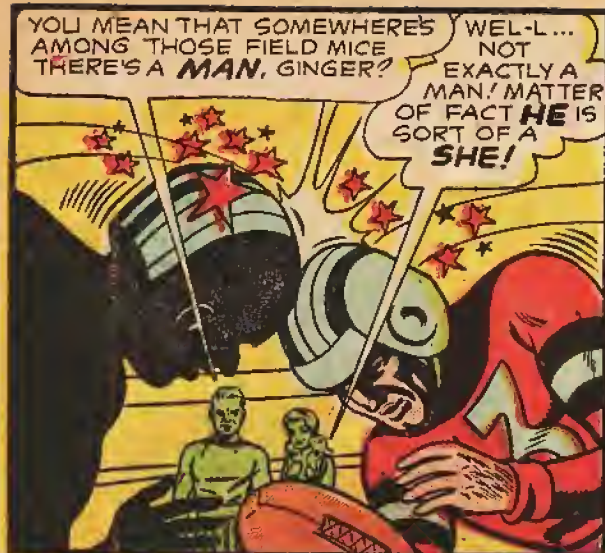
19--34--6--89--

HEY, COACH, THIS DUMMY'S NO DUMMY! IT'S-- IT'S...

LEFTY WRIGHT! MY ONE AND ONLY FULL BACK... ALL BROKEN UP INTO ITSY-BITSY PIECES! OOOOHHH NO!!

AND TOMORROW'S THE BIG GAME WITH THE UNDEFEATED HADLEY HIGH HUSKIES! WHY COULDN'T THAT MORON'VE GOTTEN MASHED UP DURING THE MUMBLYPEG SEASON, OR SOMETHING?

BLOT UP THOSE BIG TEARS, COACHY... I THINK I MAY BE ABLE TO DIG UP A SPARE LINE SMASHER!



AND AS "GARY GORDON" GOES THROUGH HIS PACES...

SUFFERIN' SUSIE... H-HE HE CLEARED THOSE POSTS AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!



WOW! A FIFTY YARD TOSS RIGHT SMACK INTO THE PALM OF MY HAND! THAT GUY'S DYNAMITE!



GREAT GOIN', GORDON, THAT FULL-BACK SPOT IS ALL YOURS! NOW GO ON HOME AND GET YOURSELF SOME REST FOR TOMORROW'S GAME! OH, INCIDENTALLY-HOW ARE YOU ON INTERCEPTING FORWARD PASSES?

BROTHER, YOU HAVE NO IDEA!



MINUTES LATER, IN THE LOCKERS, AS GINGER SLIPS OUT OF UNIFORM INTO A SHOWER...

BETTER CUT THIS SPRAY SESSION SHORT BEFORE THE REST OF THE SQUAD COMES INTO--- (GULP)

YOU IN THERE, GORDON?



I'VE JUST DOPED OUT A TRICK REVERSE LATERAL PLAY THAT OUGHTA STOP THE HADLEY TEAM! HERE, I'LL BRING IT IN FOR YOU TO LOOK OVER!

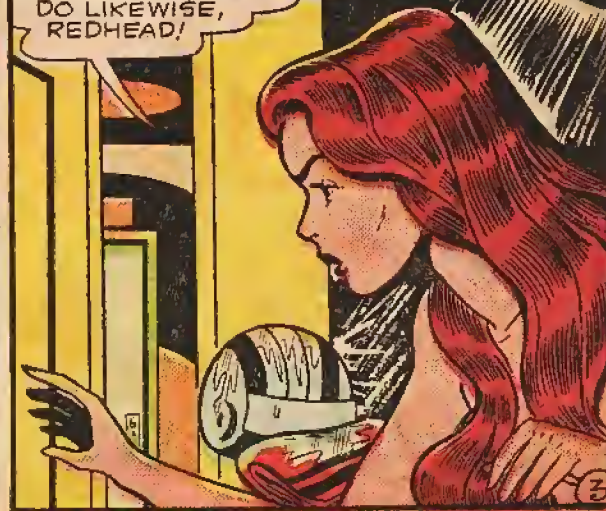


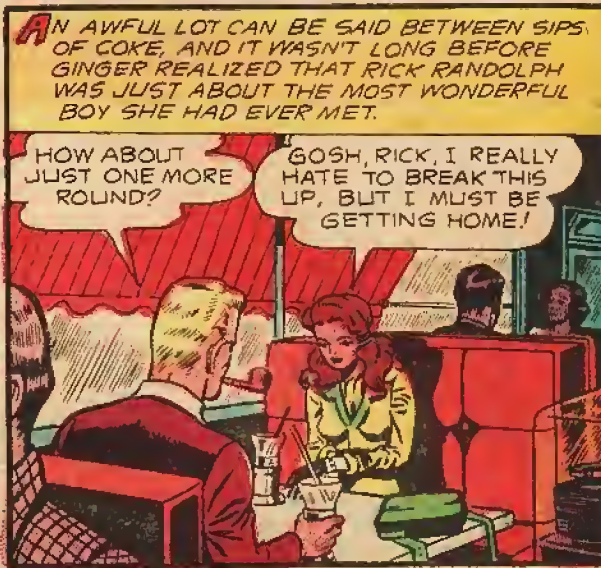
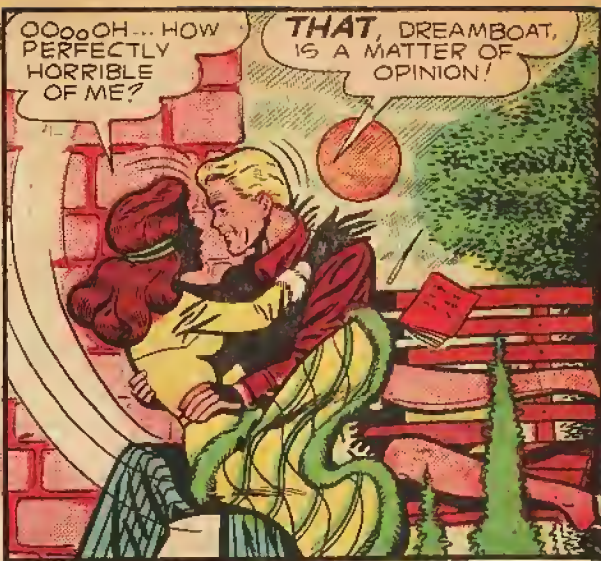
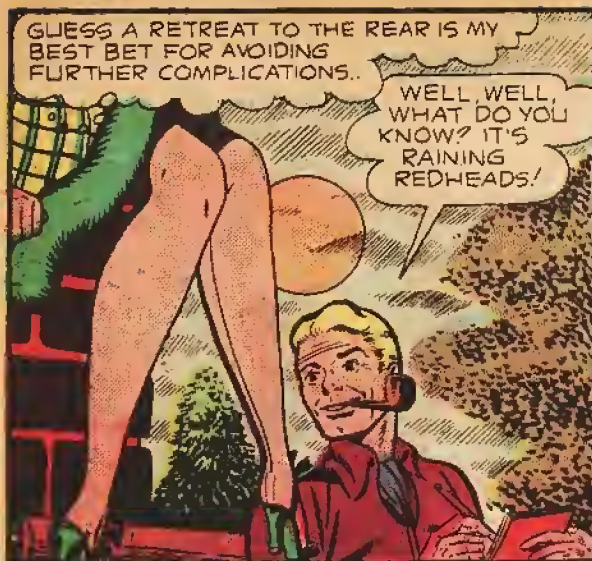
HEY... DO YOU ALWAYS TAKE A SHOWER LIKE THAT, GORDON?

UH-HUH... I'M HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO COLDS!



WHEWIE... HE'S GONE... AND YOU BETTER DO LIKEWISE, REDHEAD!







OKAY, COACH, YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR "GARY GORDON" ALRIGHT... ONLY HE'S GOING TO BE MINUS ONE MISSING REVERSE LATERAL PLAY!



GORDON! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP! COME ON OVER HERE!



THIS IS CAPTAIN RICK RANDOLPH OF HADLEY HIGH!

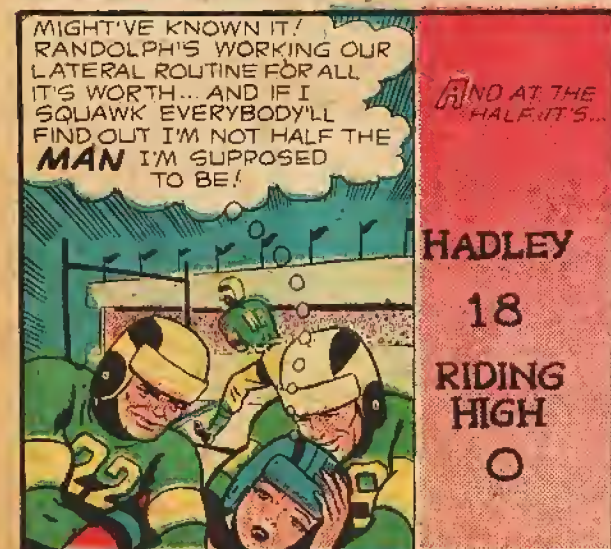
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, GORDON!

RICK? HADLEY?
N-NOW I REMEMBER... I-I GAVE HIM MY PHONE NUMBER ON THE **BACK** OF THAT TRICK PLAY



OKAY GORDON, KICK OFF!

HE WAS JUST HANGING AROUND HERE TRYING TO PICK UP DOPE... AND **WHAT** A DOPE HE PICKED UP!



MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT! RANDOLPH'S WORKING OUR LATERAL ROUTINE FOR ALL IT'S WORTH... AND IF I SQUAWK EVERYBODY'LL FIND OUT I'M NOT HALF THE **MAN** I'M SUPPOSED TO BE!

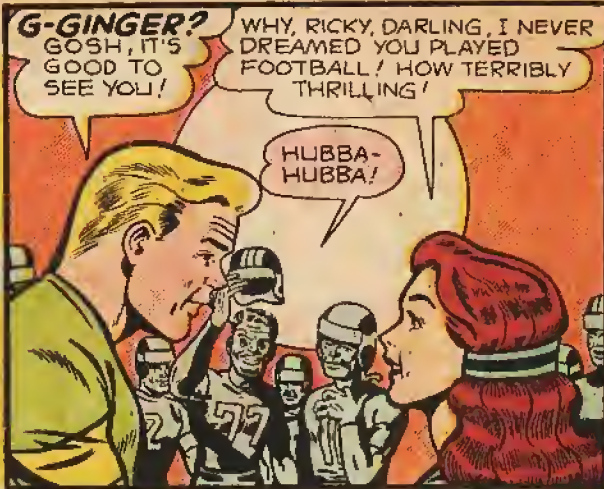
AND AT THE HALF IT'S...

HADLEY
18
RIDING
HIGH
O



BOY, YOU LOOK A WRECK GORDON!

THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAID YESTERDAY, WHEN I WAS DECKED OUT IN SILKS AND SATINS! **SILKS AND SATINS...** WAIT A SEC, REDHEAD, YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!!





she'd realized how inferior were the kids with whom she associated.

She had practically haunted the library after that, but it hadn't been until last week that she'd struck oil in finding Lyman once more in evidence. It was then he'd made the date and ever since she had avoided the old crowd as much as she could. She supposed Racy would be furious that she had turned him down tonight. But she simply couldn't risk being found in such surroundings. It was not her style any more.

When the bell rang there was a strange gripping fear in her heart. Perhaps she would not stand up under his critical inspection! Maybe he wouldn't think her home was nice enough! He'd seen it only from the outside!

But he stood there with a lovely corsage of orchids—imagine!—in his hand. As he stepped in Deena gasped at their beauty. "Oh, Lyman, they're simply divine!" she exclaimed. Yet there was something about this whole affair that was puzzling. She couldn't quite put her finger on it until she realized that she had seen beyond Lyman, out at the curb, not the red convertible, but a large black limousine. Suddenly she felt inadequate and it didn't help when Lyman said to her: "Your choice of descriptive word is hardly fitting, but I presume you intended to speak hyperbolically!"

"Yes," replied Deena, properly chastened, "I suppose so." She wondered if he noticed how her cheeks were burning. But Lyman was looking her over critically now.

"The *Mater* will approve," he said gravely. "And even the *Pater*!"

"You mean . . .," Deena began. Then, remembering the limousine with the liveried chauffeur, thought better of herself and didn't ask the question. Nevertheless Lyman supplied the answer.

"The *Mater* and the *Pater* always accompany me on the first five dates, to test my ability to select a proper companionship. After that they either approve or disapprove. So please don't do anything to disappoint them, will you, Deena? You see I like you very much and wouldn't care to have you blacklisted!"

There was something impulsive and very ungenteel about the thoughts that were crowding Deena's brain at that moment and she began counting mentally from one to ten and then started over again before she finally dared speak. Then she said, "I guess they won't have to worry."

"You," replied Lyman, "do not know the *Mater* and the *Pater*!"

With all the beautiful glistening spotlessness of the limousine, the smooth purring of the almost noiseless engine, the immaculate silence of the occupants, Deena suddenly felt that she'd rather be taking her bike down to the juke joint and swinging out a few beats to the measure. For the more she saw of Lyman Greenwood and his family the more she felt like a little girl alone in the dark.

The *Mater*, looking down her nose, said to the *Pater*, looking down his nose and both in Deena's direction, "I trust, my dear, that Lyman's guest will comprehend this lecture on nuclear physics!"

Deena shuddered, looking out into the street. Already the lights of the drugstore showed that some of the gang were congregating for a session of jive. There, too, was Racy at a table, alone, sipping on a lonely coke. Suddenly Deena knew that unless she got out of that black prison, she'd simply die!

She glowered in the direction of the *Mater*. "Say, will you stop this crate a minute?" she asked.

The *Mater* and the *Pater* stared, aghast in a horrified silence. Deena went on, "I've got to get me a pack of butts and there's a guy in the drug store there who sells me pure grain alcohol. I want to fill my flask. It's the only stuff I can get a kick out of!"

She was in the middle of the street, crossing it, when she heard the limousine zoom off. She giggled suddenly, thankful that the chem exam had come only the day before, with the question in it about alcohols.

In the drugstore, she grabbed up a straw from the case on the counter and, stealing up behind Racy, stuck it into his coke. Racy Dixon gasped. "Holy cows, look at you! And how come?"

"Did you really think I meant that, Racy? What I said yesterday?"

Racy gasped again. "You mean you love me still?"

At the end of a long sip of coke, Deena said: "I love you still!" She went to the juke box and plugged in a hot platter. "But that still means yet, NOT motionless! Get on your feet, Racy, and let's try this number! It's got everything!"



I Love You Still

DEENA HATHAWAY lifted her eyes lazily from the television screen to face her mother. When she heard her say the name Racy Dixon she snapped off the set. It was only an old western picture anyway, so she wasn't missing much. As she walked toward the telephone on the stand beside the stairs in the entrance hall she thought of how much she had matured in so short a time. In just one week's time in fact!

Last week she would have turned off *The Weekly Fashion Parade* even to rush to the telephone, practically swallowing the instrument in her haste. But that was before that perfectly stunning Lyman Greenwood, with the handsome sad eyes, had asked her for a date!

Tonight she said languidly, "Oh, hello, Racy. What is it? A jam session at the juke joint Oh, heavens no, Racy! Oh, I wouldn't think of it!" She breathed a heavy sigh as she listened to the surprised expostulations at the other end of the wire. Then she said, "But I simply wouldn't be interested, Racy. What's got into me? Why nothing. But don't you think we're getting a little too grown up to be thinking of such things as jam sessions"

She had been standing on her right foot, with her left knee bent and resting on the straight-backed chair in front of the telephone stool. Now she stood on her left foot and placed her right knee where her left had been.

"Oh, Racy," she went on with the new deeper tone to her voice, "jam sessions are so *plebian*! What do I mean? Well, you'll simply have to look it up in the dictionary!" Suddenly her voice lost its throaty murmuring and pitched into a high shrill shriek. "Racy Dixon," she cried out, "I do too know what it means! Good-bye!"

Setting down the telephone with a bang she turned toward the kitchen with brusque heels cutting the rug. Suddenly she thought

better of it, turned back to the living room, took the small slightly used school dictionary off the shelf and began to thumb through the p's.

That had been Tuesday and now all Wednesday after school she had been primping before her mirror. She was practically satisfied now that her hairdo was right. But there was still the selection of the dress to wear. As she went through the process of elimination she thought over again how wonderful it had been to meet someone who appreciated the finer things, whose mind was not forever on jam sessions, juke joints, be-bop. She wondered really what they *would* do tonight. Lyman had said there would be a simply wonderfully exciting program! Would it be opera? An art exhibit? Would it be a ball?

Lyman was somewhat mysterious anyway. He was above and older than the high school crowd, for he was a sophomore in college, home a month already for summer vacation. The high school was still working up on its last days of exams. Deena was just a bit apprehensive, in fact, that she was going out in the middle of the week with the math exam coming the following day. But the invitation from Lyman was nothing she could afford to turn down!

She had decided on the yellow organdie evening gown with the off-the-shoulder style. It was funny how she had met Lyman. It had been in the library and he had dropped a book that had fallen on her foot. He had been most apologetic and Deena laughed inwardly to think how she'd almost spoiled the whole thing by telling him off in good old high-school verbiage—until she'd seen that there was something genteel about Lyman. He had insisted on driving her home in his own personal red convertible. It had thrilled her to death the way the kids they'd passed had stood in open-mouthed wonder to see her. It was then, looking about, that

Watch the Birdie

with Midge Martin



AT CITY PRESS, WHERE MIDGE HAS AN AFTER-SCHOOL REPORTING JOB...

MIDGE, HANDSOME HARRY, THE GUNMAN, BROKE JAIL AND IS BELIEVED TO BE HIDING AROUND THE HIGH-SCHOOL AREA. HE'S A SIX-FOOTER, BLONDE. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A LEAD. A LEAD? I'LL LEAD TO HIS CAPTURE!

NOW DON'T DO ANYTHING RECK-LESS THAT MAN'S DANGEROUS.

DON'T WORRY, BOSS. I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE TALL BLONDE MEN- EVEN IF THEY TOTE A GUN!

MIDGE SCOOTs BACK TO THE HIGH-SCHOOL GROUNDS- HER EYE OUT WARILY, BUT ALL SHE SEES IS...

WAIT, MIDGE, WILL YOU GO WITH ME TONIGHT TO THE BE-BOP HOP?

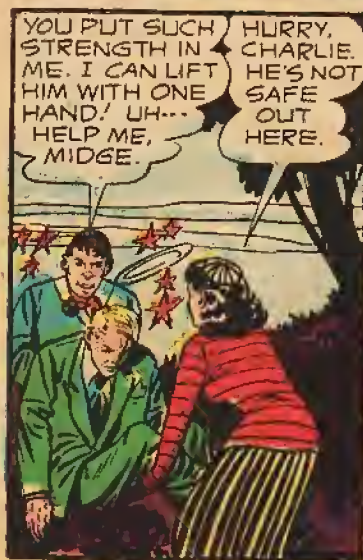
CHARLIE, I'M ALL TIED UP. HAVE YOU SEEN A STRANGE BLONDE SIX-FOOT MAN SNOOPING AROUND HERE?

WHAT'D YOU WANT WITH A SIX-FOOT BLONDE WHEN YOU GOT ME? HUH?

BUT YOU AREN'T HANDSOME HARRY!

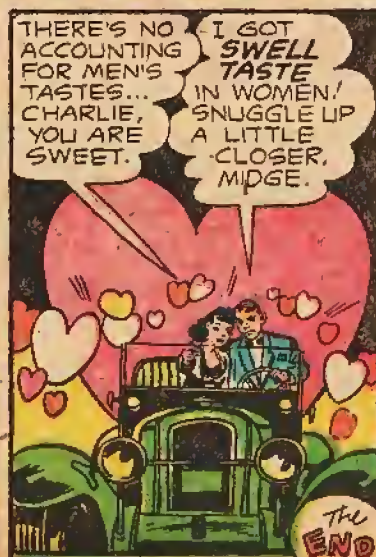












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COLLEGE OF
NOTED DAMES

IT'S TERRIBLY SWEET
OF YOU TO OFFER TO TAKE
ME ON AN AFTER-CLASS
CULTURE TOUR, PROFESSOR!

AH, MON CHERI, UNDER MY
TUTORSHIP YOU WILL MAKE ZE
RAPID ADVANCE CLASS IN NO
TIME AT ALL--ENTREE-VOUS!

WATCH YOUR STEP, EVE, THAT RAPID ADVANCE ROUTINE SOUNDS LIKE
A CUE FOR YOU TO BEAT A FAST RETREAT... A PROFICIENT PROFESSOR
IS ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT THIS CHALK-TALKER'S TRYING TO CRAM ALL
THE A.B.C.'S (AMOUR, BOUQUETS AND A CHARIOT) INTO ONE LESSON!!!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T, EVE ADAMS...
YOU EXIT VOUS THIS VERY
INSTANT! BACK IN PEORIA,
PUPILS DO THEIR WORK BE-
HIND A DESK--NOT A-
DASHBOARD!

S-SORRY, PROFESSOR
...I'M AFRAID AUNT
ADELINE'S GOT YOU
PEGGED AS A PHIL-
ANDERER IN PHIL-
OSOPHER'S CLOTHING!

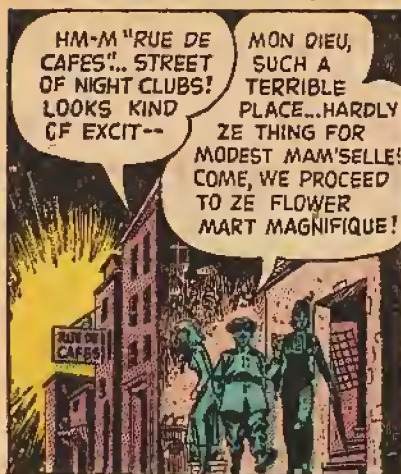
AND, AS AUNTIE STEERED EVE WELL OUT OF
CUPID'S RANGE...

GUIDED TOUR,
MAM'SELLE?
CHAMPS ELYSEE,
LOUVRE OR
EIFFEL TOWER?

OH, EVE, LET'S...
THE EIFFEL TOWER
IS THE TALLEST,
HANDSOMEST
STRUCTURE IN
PARIS!

I'D JUST
LIKE TO
SEE SOME-
THING TALL
AND
HANDSOME
...PERIOD!

LATER, AS DUSK AND EVE'S SPIRITS DESCEND...



HM-M "RUE DE CAFES"... STREET OF NIGHT CLUBS! LOOKS KIND OF EXCIT--

MON DIEU, SUCH A TERRIBLE PLACE...HARDLY ZE THING FOR MODEST MAM'SELLE! COME, WE PROCEED TO ZE FLOWER MART MAGNIFIQUE!

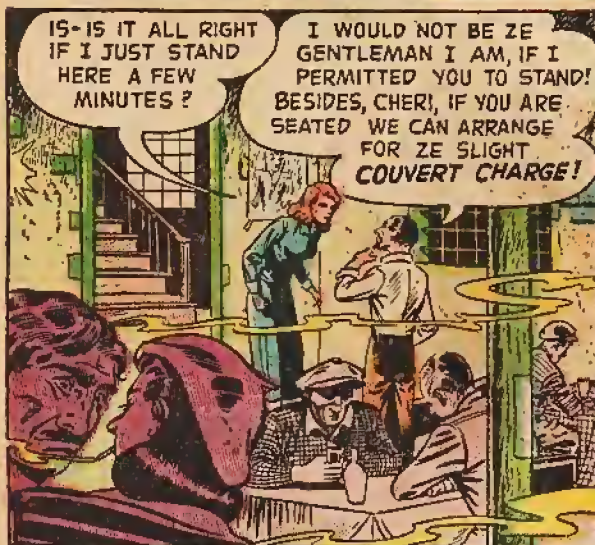


AH, THEES PEONIES! THEIR PARFUM IS PARALYZING, NO?

I JUST HOPE THESE POSIES PARALYZE AUNT ADELINE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY!



I GUESS ONE ITSY-BITSY LOOK WON'T HURT! JUST ENOUGH OF A PEEK TO GIVE ME SOMETHING TO SPIEL TO THE GANG BACK HOME!



IS-IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I JUST STAND HERE A FEW MINUTES?

I WOULD NOT BE ZE GENTLEMAN I AM, IF I PERMITTED YOU TO STAND! BESIDES, CHERI, IF YOU ARE SEATED WE CAN ARRANGE FOR ZE SLIGHT COUVERT CHARGE!



B-BUT, REALLY... I-I--

VINO? CHAMPAGNE? GOOD STUFF FROM CALIFORNIA! EVERYTHING SHE EES ON ZE HOUSE...UNTIL ZE CHECK ARRIVES!



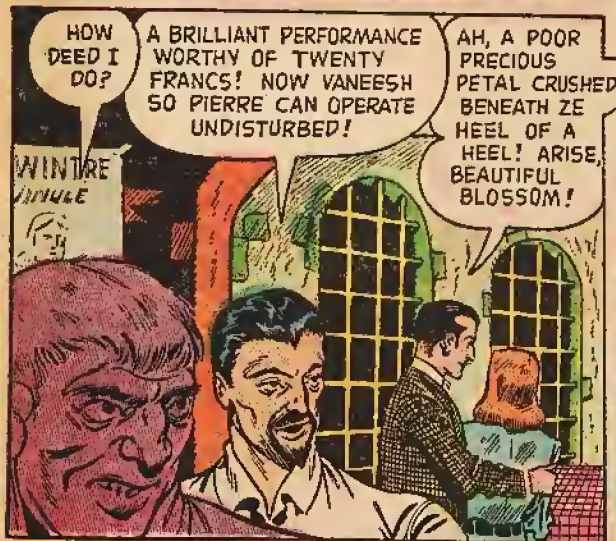
EASY, LOUIS, WE TOO HAVE CAUGHT WIND OF ZE FOREIGN LUCRE!

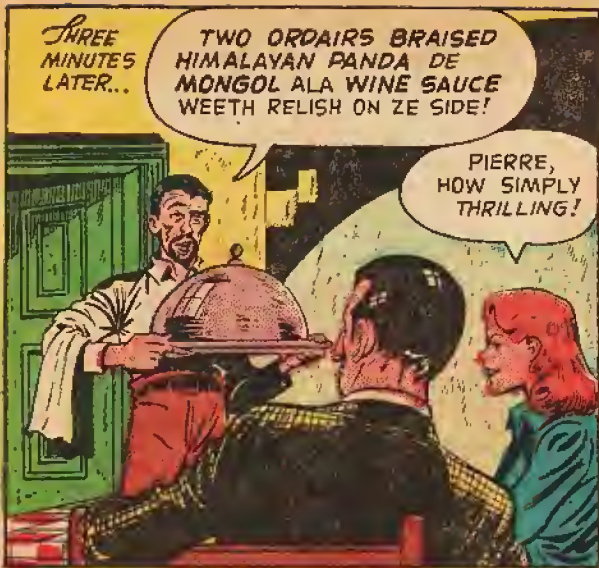
GO TO HER, FRANCOIS! WE WEEL WORK ZE USUAL ROUTINE!



OH! YOU G-GAVE ME QUITE A START!

WHAT MATTERS ZE START, BABEE... SO LONG AS WE MAKE WEETH ZE HAPPY ENDING! HAW!





THREE
MINUTES
LATER...

TWO ORDAIRS BRAISED
HIMALAYAN PANDA DE
MONGOL ALA WINE SAUCE
WEETH RELISH ON ZE SIDE!

PIERRE,
HOW SIMPLY
THRILLING!



MAGNIFIQUE,
NO, MY PRECIOUS
PIGEON?

OH YES, ER -
OF COURSE...
ONLY TH- THEY
LOOK A LITTLE
LIKE H-HAMBURG-
ERS!

HAMBUGGERS,
SHE SAY! WOULD
I CHARGE
TWENTY-FIVE
DOLLARS EEF
THESE WERE
MERE HAMBUGG-
ER?

AND SO IT WENT... EVE'S HEART
KEPT SINGING AND THE REGISTER
KEPT RINGING...

Finally...

EET WAS FATE, MY
EXOTIC ONE... THAT
YOU SHOULD SEE ZE
LOVE LIGHT IN MY
EYES, ACROSS A
MIGHTY OCEAN,
ALL ZE WAY
FROM - ER...

PEORIA,
DARL-
ING!

CHAMPAGNE
VINTAGE
1869! AT
FIFTY
DOLLARS
I AM
PRACTICALLY
GEEVEENG
EET
AWAY!

MM-M...
TWO HUNDRED
DOLLARS! WE
AVE INDEED
DINED DELUXE,
MY JEWEL!

I-I'M TERRIBLY
SORRY, PIERRE,
I-I HAD NO
IDEA! WON'T
YOU LET
ME...

EVE, YOU HURT
ME TO ZE QUICK!
HOW COULD YOU
EVEN SUGGEST
SUCH A THEENG?

BUT OF
COURSE,
MONSIEUR!

MY SIGNATURE SHOULD
SUFFICE, MY GOOD MAN!

UNKNOWN TO EVE, PIERRE'S "SIGNATURE" LOOKS
LIKE THIS...



GUEST CHECK

\$ 25.00

10.00

50.00

25.00

70.00

20.00

\$200.00

Send bill to
Eve Adams -
Hotel de Sugette -
and don't forget
my usual twenty-
five per cent.



I-I REALLY MUST BE GETTING BACK TO THE

HOTEL,
PIERRE!

I CAN HARDLY BEAR TO LET YOU GO, CHER!!
HERE, BEFORE WE PART TAKE THEES LOCK-
ET! MAY EETS GOLDEN CHAIN HOLD OUR
HEARTS TOGETHER,
UNTIL WE MEET
AGAIN!

BACK AT THE HOTEL DE SUZETTE...

OH GEE GOSH, AUNTIE MUST STILL BE OUT LOOKING FOR ME! (YAWN) MIGHT AS WELL GET IN SOME PLEASANT DREAMS BEFORE THE MORNING LECTURE ... MM-MM, VERY, VERY PLEASANT DREAMS!



AND CAME THE DAWN...

EVE! EVE ADAMS ... GET UP THIS VERY INSTANT! IT'S ALMOST NOON!

UM-M... PIERRE, YOU'VE GOT THE SMOOTHEST HANDS I EVER ... EVER...



NOW PLEASE, AUNTIE, I-I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING! I MET THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN AND SIMPLY COULDN'T TEAR MYSELF AWAY FROM...

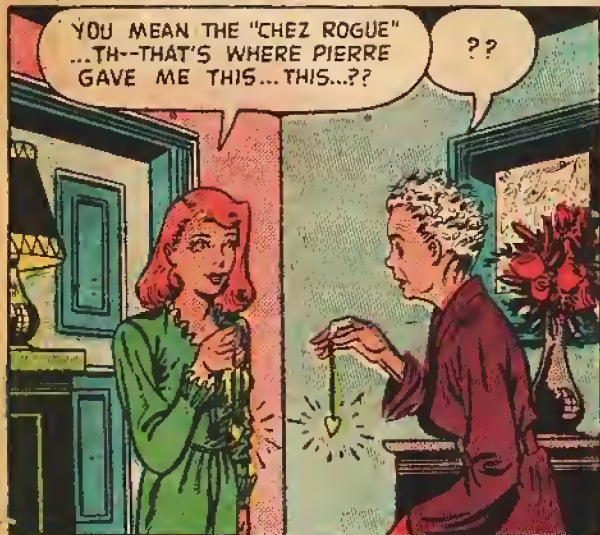
TUT-TUT, CHILD, I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN! I, TOO, CHANCED TO MEET A CHARMING OLD (TEE-HEE)

GENTLEMAN, WHILE I WAS OUT LOOKING FOR YOU... AT A PLACE CALLED THE "CHEESE ROUGE" OR SOMETHING!



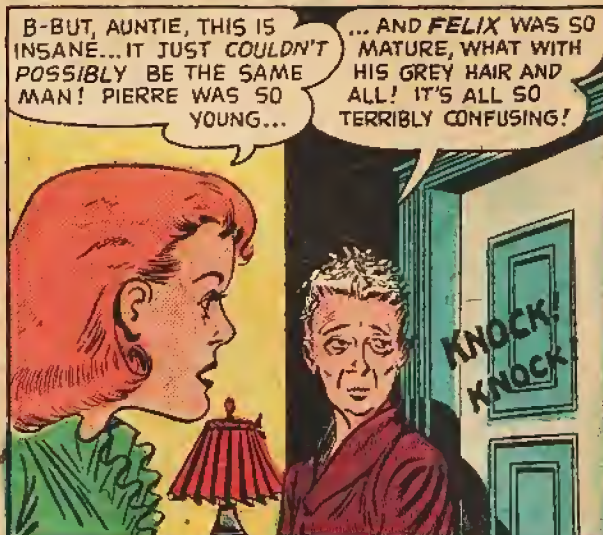
YOU MEAN THE "CHEZ ROGUE" ...TH--THAT'S WHERE PIERRE GAVE ME THIS... THIS...?

??



B-BUT, AUNTIE, THIS IS INSANE...IT JUST COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE THE SAME MAN! PIERRE WAS SO YOUNG...

... AND FELIX WAS SO MATURE, WHAT WITH HIS GREY HAIR AND ALL! IT'S ALL SO TERRIBLY CONFUSING!



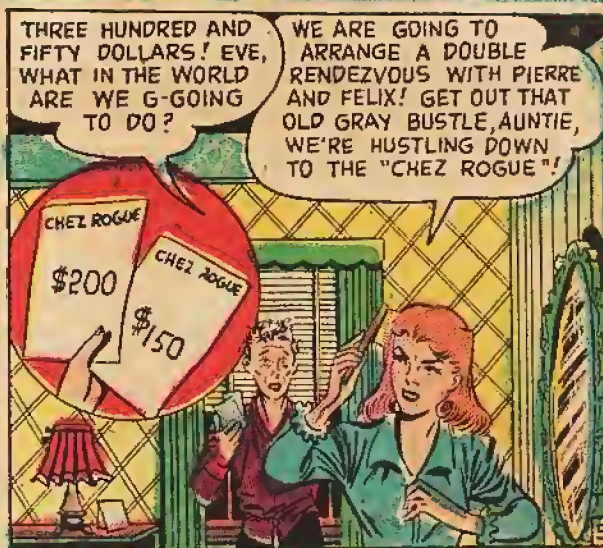
MAM'SELLE ADAMS? THEES ENVELOPE SHE JUST ARRIVE BY SPECIAL MESSENGER!

UH--THANK YOU!



THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS! EVE, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE WE G-GOING TO DO?

WE ARE GOING TO ARRANGE A DOUBLE RENDEZVOUS WITH PIERRE AND FELIX! GET OUT THAT OLD GRAY BUSTLE, AUNTIE, WE'RE HUSTLING DOWN TO THE "CHEZ ROGUE"!



AN HOUR LATER, IN A SMOKE COATED CORNER OF THE "CHEZ ROGUE"...



AH YES, BERTHA, MY BELOVED, EET EES ONLY FOR ZE PROTECTION OF A JEWEL SUCH AS YOU, THAT PIERRE PATRONIZES THIS CRAWLING CAFE!

SHUCKS, AIN'T YOU TH' ONE PER PRETTY SPEECH MAKIN'!



EVE! THAT MAN... EXCEPT FOR HIS BLACK HAIR, HE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR THAT FIEND, FELIX!

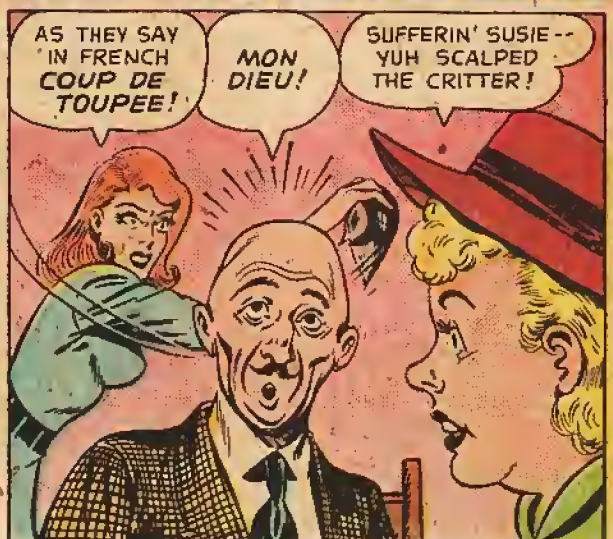
UH-HUH! THIS IS BEGINNING TO ADD UP! BETTER STICK AROUND OUT HERE, AUNT ADELINE, IN CASE MR. JEKYL TRIES TO ESCAPE WITH HIS HIDE!



HERE, MY DELICATE DESERT DOVE, I INSIST THAT YOU TAKE THEES TREASURED FAMILY HEIR-LOOM AS A MEMENTO OF THEES MOMENT!

PSHAW, PIERRE, YOU'RE MAKIN' MY HAIR STAND ON END!

ONE "HAIR- STAND" DE-SERVES AN- OTHER, BERTHA!



AS THEY SAY 'IN FRENCH COUP DE TOUPEE'!

MON DIEU!

SUFFERIN' SUSIE -- YUH SCALPED THE CRITTER!



AND HERE'S A COUPLE OF THOSE TWO FOR A DIME TRINKETS... AFTER ALL, I WOULDN'T DREAM OF LOWERING YOUR STOCKPILE OF BABE-BAIT!

YUH MEAN THIS H'YAR MAVERICK'S EET EES BEEN DEALIN' 'EM FROM TH' BOTTOM OF TH' DECK?

PLEASE, MAM'SELLES EET EES ALL ONE BEEG MISTAKE...



A MISTAKE, EH? RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO DO A LITTLE RECTIFYIN' -- TEXAS STYLE!

HERE, HAVE ONE ON THE HOUSE, CHISELER!



Most Amazingly Convenient POCKET LIGHTER FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

**CIGARETTE
LIGHTER
KEY CHAIN
FLASHLIGHT**

**ALL IN
1**

**PUSH
BUTTON
FLASHLIGHT**



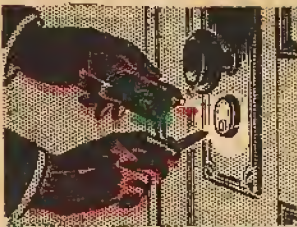
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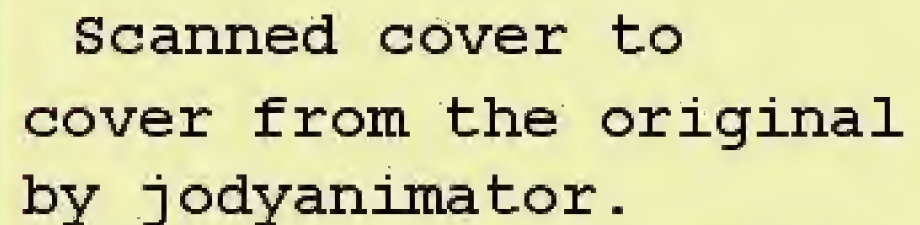
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